

The Daily Mirror

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1915

One Halfpenny.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE DARDANELLES: THE FRENCH AND BRITISH FLEETS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE STRAITS.

9. 1711



On Friday last the French and British Fleets started bombarding the forts at the entrance to the Dardanelles. A number of Turkish forts were silenced. This remarkable photograph of the Allied fleets at the entrance to the Dardanelles was

taken from one of the battleships. It is the intention of the Allies to force the Dardanelles, in which case it is safe to predict that Constantinople will fall into the hands of the Allies.

NURSE KILLED BY SHELL.

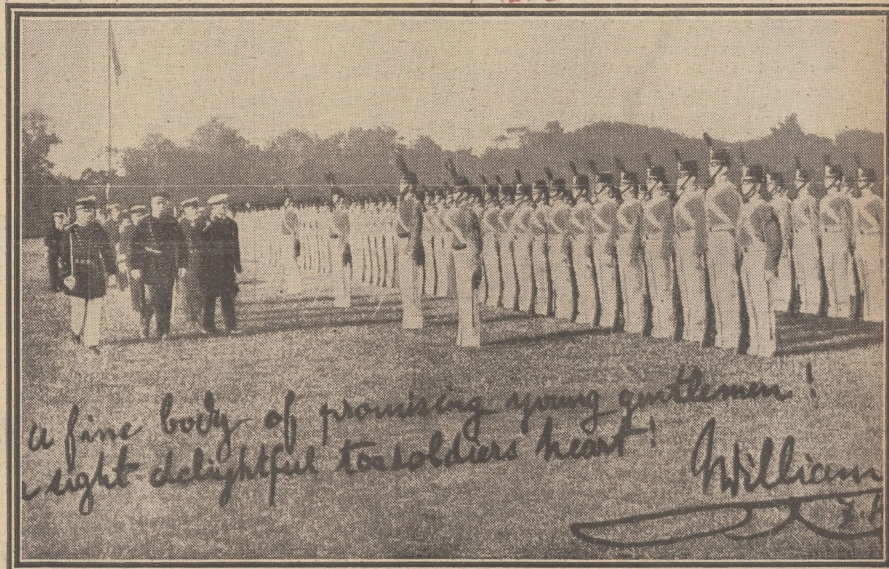
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Nurse Rosa Vecht, of Amsterdam, who was killed while nursing the wounded by a shell dropped from a German aeroplane. She had a military funeral and her coffin was covered by the Dutch flag.—(Photograph by courtesy of *The Jewish World*.)

WHEN THE "MAILED FIST" SHOOK HANDS WITH AMERICA!

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*A fine body of promising young gentlemen!
A sight delightful to a soldier's heart!*
William

Here is the autograph of the German Emperor written across a photograph of General Scott and the foreign admirals who attended the Hudson-Fulton Celebration reviewing the West Point cadets in 1909. "A fine body of promising young gentlemen. A sight delightful to a soldier's heart," wrote the Kaiser. But he would not like to have the American Army in action just now.

WIDOW'S HOARD IN MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Indignant Denial of Flirtation in Bank-Note Suit.

"SOUL-UPLIFTING" TALK.

Mrs. Hague, the Camberwell doctor's widow, who buried a hoard of £1,200 in bank notes, enclosed in a biscuit tin, under the flowers on her mother's grave in Forest Hill Cemetery, was again under cross-examination yesterday for personal injury.

Mrs. Hague claimed £385 as money lent to Mr. Thomas Bidwell Benton, who was one of the executors of her husband's will. She said it was the balance of a total sum of £1,050 which she advanced to Mr. Benton at various times for use for his business, and that she took the money from the cemetery hoard.

Mr. Benton denied that he borrowed the money at all, and alleged that Mrs. Hague extracted a thousand guineas from him by blackmail.

The Judge yesterday put some questions about the secret hoard in the grave. "How many times," he asked, "do you think you went to this store?"

"About five times I should think," replied Mrs. Hague.

Mr. Vachell (for the defence) then remarked: What you call your nest egg was lying idle and unproductive in the grave!

Mrs. Hague: That was a thing apart. I had a current banking account sufficient to enable



Harry Winter, an errand boy just out of hospital, who saved Anne Freeman from drowning at Mortlake. A man stood watching, but did not offer to help.

me to live within my income. That nest egg gave me a sense of security which you can't get from investments.

Was there friendship?—Yes, very special friendship.

Was there mutual soul-boosting conversation?—That is what Mr. Benton called it.

What do you call it?—I do not call it anything at all. He said that he derived great comfort from it.

Mr. Vachell said that he was now coming to questions that it was his duty to ask. Mr. Benton had pledged himself that no actual impropriety had taken place between himself and the witness.

Mrs. Hague: Yes, he said that before the matter.

Counsel: But was there a certain amount of flirtation?—I should not call it that.

"I don't know what flirtation is," said counsel, "but did he squeeze you round the waist?"

Mrs. Hague drew herself up. "Sir," she exclaimed, "I should not allow it."

Mr. Vachell: But did he do it?—Certainly not!

SURPRISE FOR VICAR.

Mr. Lewis Thomas, K.C., re-examining, asked about an occasion when the Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton, and author of "Should a Woman Tell?" lunched with Mrs. Hague.

After lunch they talked of Freemasonry, and Mrs. Hague produced her late husband's Grand Officer's cuffs from a regalia-case. Two rolls of banknotes fell out.

The Rev. A. J. Waldron was then called. Describing the incident of the notes in the regalia-box, he said, "It was the first and last time in my life that I had even seen a £50 note."

"Did you never see one in the plate?" Mr. Justice Darling inquired.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Waldron.

The hearing was again adjourned.

VOLUNTEER TRAINING CORPS.

Mr. Tennant (Under-Secretary for War), in reply to Mr. Sherwell, says that all Volunteer Training Corps which have become affiliated to the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps are already recognised, and the recognition would be extended to corps affiliated in the future.

In a further reply, Mr. Tennant says the Army Council certainly has no wish for their disbandment or the discontinuance of the movement. While considering that such corps are primarily for veterans, the Council hold that there is no objection to younger men becoming members of these corps if they think they have good reason to obtain from joining the Army, and undertake to enlist if specially called on.

EGG "BOMBS" FROM SKY.

Witness Tells Judge of Flying Juggler Who Was Covered in Yolk.

AEROPLANE EPISODE.

Amusing evidence with regard to a juggler who received flying lessons, and who, it was stated, took eggs up in the air to drop on his friends, was given in a case before Mr. Justice Avory and jury yesterday.

The British Dependable Aeroplane Co., Ltd., sued Mr. W. P. Hodgson, a music-hall juggler, known as Valazzi, of Voltaire-road, Clapham, for damages caused to a monoplane at Hendon. Defendant set up a counter-claim for damages for personal injury.

Mr. Harold Simmons, for the plaintiffs, said that the defendant had arranged to receive lessons in flying from the plaintiff company.

According to the agreement it was arranged that the plaintiff would not be liable under any circumstances for injuries caused or sustained by the pupil.

The defendant also entered into an agreement with the plaintiffs in consideration of their allowing him some further practice on their monoplane he agreed to indemnify them against any loss consequent upon breakages of machines during such practice.

In April defendant required further practice, and he was allowed to have the second best machine in the possession of the plaintiffs.

Defendant commenced to climb with the machine, and had ascended to about 250ft. when, according to the evidence, he commenced to "fall." It was alleged that owing to defendant's unskilful management the machine came to grief. The monoplane fell to the ground, but the defendant, fortunately, escaped any mishap. Plaintiffs now claimed the actual amount expended on the repairs.

Lieutenant Norman Channing Spratt, of the Royal Flying Corps, who formerly acted as flying instructor for the plaintiff company, stated that he knew the defendant as a pupil.

He was not a careful flier, and was very careless, disregarded all instructions and played the fool. When passing his brevet test defendant took up a lot of eggs and threw them down while in the air, coming down himself covered with the yolk of the eggs.

Judge: Will you explain what you mean by this? Was he performing juggling tricks with the eggs in the air?

Witness: He took up the eggs to drop on some of his friends on the ground.

Judge: Was that an experiment or was it a trick?

He was not supposed to be experimenting. He was taking his certificate.

The hearing was adjourned.

PICTURES OF NEW MODES

Wonderful Photographs in Monday's Great Dress Number of "The Daily Mirror."

The mammoth Spring Dress Number of *The Daily Mirror*, which will be published on Monday next, will be one of the best special numbers we have ever published.

It will certainly be the finest dress number ever issued by a daily paper. It will deal with every kind of new fashion that is going to be worn in Great Britain, France and America, and will be illustrated throughout its twenty-four pages with the finest exclusive photographs. As a dress number, it is unique.

Fashions have now reached a crucial point. The most startling changes are in the air. Tired, apparently, of always advancing in some new direction, fashions are now taking a glance backward.

In this Spring Dress Number of *The Daily Mirror* will be shown pictures of the latest dresses—dresses with the full skirts of nearly a hundred years ago which foreshadowed the crinoline. And there will be many other charming revisions.

In addition to this, the number will contain the opening chapters of a splendid serial of a new type by Miss Ruby M. Ayres. It is the best story she has ever written.

You should make a special point of ordering your copy to-day, for there is certain to be a big demand for it. Twenty-four pages full of beautiful photographs for 4d.

ABSENTEES TO ESCORT ESCORT.

There was an amusing scene at West London Police Court yesterday, when a corporal and two privates from the A.S.C. came as escort for two absentees.

Mr. Fordham (to the corporal): Have you brought any authority?—Yes, two men.

What time did you leave Milford?—About 6.15 this morning.

And you arrive at this court at 2.30?—We had to wait at a station for an hour.

Did you have some drink?—A little.

Mr. Fordham (to the absentees): Will you promise me you will see that the escort does not have more drink? The Absentees: Yes, sir.

Mr. Fordham: If you do not promise I shall have to remand you. Is it not that he is in quite a fit condition. Will you promise to look after him? The Absentees: Yes, sir.

SOLDIER'S WIFE STRUCK BLIND.

GOOLE, Feb. 25.—Having gone suddenly blind, Mrs. Mary A. Grimes, of Swinefleet, near Goole, the wife of a soldier at the front, has had to go into the workhouse.

She was receiving 17s. 6d. a week from the War Office, but as her affliction rendered her incapable of looking after herself and her children the guardians have admitted her.

LOVES A BORE.

Caterer Prefers Speakers in House of Lords Who Empty the Benches.

PEERS WANT CHEAPER DINNER.

Cheaper dinners and teas for peers are being eagerly anticipated by members of the House of Lords.

As a first step towards this end noble lords are setting up a Kitchen Committee to control the catering.

For a long time past the peers have been casting envious eyes at the excellent arrangements in the Lower House, where, under the supervision of a committee composed of members of all parties meals have been placed on the tables at a price and of a quality which have made the House of Commons one of the most popular clubs in London.

For many years a good square meal has been obtainable for a shilling. But a shilling will only purchase a "tea for one" in the House of Lords.

Now that the Clerk of the Parliaments is relinquishing the control of the peers' committees their Lordships hope the new committee will make many reforms in the direction of "greater comfort and economy."

The cheapness and excellence of the Commons' dinners have been rendered possible by a Government grant of £2,000 a year. There is no such liberal grant for the Lords' catering, but out of an expenses fund connected with the Lords a sum of £350 is taken annually. As a private speculation the catering contract has not, it is stated, been a good investment.

"It is almost always impossible for the caterer to tell an hour beforehand whether our debates will last a long time or a short time, or not," a peer told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "and this, of course, must frequently put the caterer in a quandary."

The caterer's best friend is the bore. If, for example, Lord — rises just before five—he is always good for an hour—you will see men rise en masse and leave the chamber like a conflagration leaving chur.

His rising gives us a good excuse for a cup of tea at the House, and a very excellent tea it is."

"GET A 'POP' AT THEM."

Six Months' Hard Labour for Woman Who Concoted Letter from Front.

A married woman named Ann Reader, of Welbourne road, Tottenham, who concoted a letter from the front, was sentenced to six months' hard labour yesterday at Tottenham.

She was charged with obtaining by false pretences, amounting to sixteen shillings, from James William Tomlinson, treasurer of the local branch of the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association.

Mr. Fairbairn, prosecuting, said that the woman applied to Mr. Tomlinson for a grant, and upon the application form she sent in she stated that her husband was in the South Wales Borderers.

Inquiries were made, and an allowance of 4s. a week was granted for a time, and, as the separation allowance was not forthcoming from the War Office, efforts were made to trace the husband, but without result.

Then the woman ingeniously manipulated the evidence and stated that her husband was from a man in the Army Service Corps who was at Rouen. She concoted a letter supposed to be written and signed by her husband.

This concoted letter included the following:—"Dear Liz don't worry if you don't hear from me this week while we are going up to the firing line this afternoon, so pray to God to keep me safe. If you don't hear from me soon write to Mr. Walter. I will now close. I will now close to get a 'pop' at them, so ta-ta for a while. From your loving husband.—W. R. Reader."

Evidence was given by a soldier at No. 1 Base at Rouen that he knew prisoner's husband, who, he said, was not at the front.

BERNHARDT "HER OLD SELF."

PARIS, Feb. 25.—The condition of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is constantly improving, and the great tragedienne is again becoming her old self.

She hopes to be able by the month of May to resume work and to give the addresses which she had been asked to deliver, and also to appear again on the theatre stage.

Unnumbered offers are being made to her by authors, poets, and writers.—Exchange.

POOR SERVED FIRST WITH COKE.

The demands for coke have grown so enormously that some of the leading London gas companies have had to take the unprecedented step of refusing to execute further orders for the present.

"The coal supply is limited, and as a consequence other forms of fuel are very much in demand," the secretary of the Gas Light and Coke Company explained to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"We are endeavouring to supply our regular customers as far as possible, but the demands are so enormous that we are unable to supply. We supply the poor people first, and they take the coke away from our works themselves."

If, then, the coal rush is over, our supplies are not exhausted, the orders which have come by post are dealt with as far as possible. The price of coke yesterday was 1s. 4d. per cwt. At the beginning of the war it was 1s. 2d.

THEIR SOLE LUXURY "THE DAILY MIRROR."

Workgirls Give Up Their Only Pleasure to Help Belgians.

FIGHT AGAINST POVERTY.

The moving story of three workgirls who deprived themselves of their one luxury in life—the purchase of *The Daily Mirror*—in order that they might contribute to the relief of the brave Belgians was related to this journal yesterday.

No one would have known anything about the girls' self-denying action had not two of them fallen out of work, as a result of which they were compelled to stop their contributions to the Belgian Fund.

Even now their names and addresses are unknown, for they sent their contributions to the Mayor of Islington anonymously as "M., E. and B., Three Workgirls of Highbury."

Their first gift was accompanied by a letter touching alike for its simplicity and for the sincerity of the sentiments expressed.

The writer explained that she and her friends were very poor, but their hearts had been wrung with pity and admiration for the "brave Belgians."

In order to give their mite in aid of the suffering refugees they had adopted the expedient of economising on the one little luxury they enjoyed—*The Daily Mirror*.

MOVED INTO ONE ROOM.

So distressed were the girls at having to deprive themselves of their one pleasure in life that a fellow-workgirl kindly lent them her copy of *The Daily Mirror*.

Since then the girls have forwarded periodic contributions to the fund, in the words of the writer, "with the same loving sympathy as every golden coin has been sent." On Tuesday, however, the mayor received a letter, signed by "E." and "B.," only, expressing sorrow that they were unable to send their usual contribution.

"M." only was at work; the other two girls had been out of employment since the beginning of the year.

To keep their little home above their heads they had been obliged to move into one room.

Notwithstanding the trials they had endured, however, they still hope for brighter days, so that they can once again give their mite towards the relief of their Belgian brothers and sisters who are even more unfortunate than they.

These happier times are in store for the three unknown workgirls of Highbury if they will send their names and addresses to *The Daily Mirror* or to the Mayor of Islington.

£1,000 IN A CAMERA.

Amateur Photographer's Chance to Win Largest Sum Ever Given for News Picture.

One thousand pounds, the largest sum ever offered for a news picture in the history of photography, is being offered by *The Daily Mirror* for the most interesting snapshot of a war incident received and published by the Editor between now and July 31.

£250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph received, and £100 for the third.

All other photographs used will be well paid for.

No charge will be made for the development of films, and the sender's name will not be disclosed. The Editor's decision is final.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

Send all your snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Boulevard-street, London.

Mr. George E. Brown, editor of the *British Journal of Photography* yesterday spoke of "the liberal offer" of *The Daily Mirror* as "one which will undoubtedly be a very great incentive to amateur photography."

"For the past six months amateur photographers have been somewhat shy of using their cameras," he said, "but needlessly so, I think, for the instances where photographers have been interfered with by the authorities are very few in comparison with the many thousands of camera users in this country."

"There is no reason why the veriest beginner in photography should not secure valuable results."

BLUE AND SILVER BOUDOIR.

A boudoir of blue and silver, in which the argent carpet is made of washable leather, represents the latest ideas in room decoration.

One of the new ideas in this delightful room is a corner silver frame which, instead of enclosing a picture, contains a silver vase and a cluster of carnations or other flowers.

Large flat silk brocade floor cushions are a feature of the room, and the cushions, which are pale blue in colour, are lined up with rose-pink. On the wall hang two silver ribbons two Cupids, holding a silver fan. The curtains are of a delicious summer-day sky-blue.

This boudoir is one of three rooms now being shown at the Ryder Galleries, Conduit-street, by Mr. Kemp Prosser.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Generally fair to fine, but with mist or fog at times in places; temperature rising, after morning frost.

ALL FORTS AT ENTRANCE OF DARDANELLES SUCCESSFULLY REDUCED

Allied Battle Fleet's First Important Step Towards Forcing Straits.

LONG AND SHORT RANGE BOMBARDMENT.

Admiralty Figures Show How Little Sea Pirates Have Accomplished.

"GERMANY IS BEATEN," SAYS FRENCH PREMIER.

Battleships of the Allied squadron yesterday resumed the Dardanelles bombardment and successfully reduced all the forts at the entrance to the Straits.

Thus the first barrier of the Dardanelles—the strait between the Ægean Sea and the Sea of Marmora—has been battered down.

In an interesting statement issued early this morning by the Admiralty it is shown how little the sea pirates have been able to affect British shipping.

During the week ending on Wednesday 1,381 ships (over 300 tons) entered or left ports in the United Kingdom, while the Sea Huns managed to sink just seven British vessels in the same period.

M. Viviani, the French Premier, in a remarkable interview, which we publish to-day, declares that Germany already is beaten on the field.

ATTACK BY BATTLESHIPS AT CLOSE RANGE.

Better Weather Enables Allies to Renew Operations at Dardanelles.

The following statement was issued late last night by the Secretary of the Admiralty:—The weather moderating, the bombardment of the outer forts of the Dardanelles was renewed at 8 a.m. this morning (February 25).

After a period of long-range fire a squadron of battleships attacked at close range.

All the forts at the entrance to the straits have been successfully reduced. The operations are continuing.

BOMBARDMENT LASTS ALL DAY.

ATHENS, Feb. 25.—The Allies' fleet resumed the attack on the Straits yesterday, and the bombardment continued all day. It was resumed to-day, the forts reply.

Last evening a part of the French squadron quitted the Dardanelles and shaped a course towards Vourla.—Exchange Special.

JOHN BULL'S SHIPPING STILL "AS USUAL."

Pirates Get Seven Victims While 1,381 Ships Enter or Leave Port in a Week.

The Secretary of the Admiralty authorises the publication of the following figures:—

Arrivals. Sailings.			
Dec. 31 to Jan. 6	695	573	
Jan. 7 to 13	632	723	
Jan. 14 to 20	831	753	
Jan. 21 to 27	822	880	
Jan. 28 to Feb. 3	677	743	
Feb. 4 to 10	754	684	
Feb. 11 to 17	762	686	
Feb. 18 to 24	708	673	

British vessels sunk by German submarines since February 18:—

Date	Ship	Tons.	Position.
Feb. 20	Cambank	3,112	Off Anglesey
Feb. 20	Downhore	337	Off Call of Man
Feb. 23	Brankome	2,026	Off Hastings

Date	Ship	Tons.	Position.
Feb. 24	Oadley	1,976	Off Beachy Head
Feb. 24	Rio Parana	4,015	Off Beachy Head
Feb. 24	Western	1,165	Off Beachy Head

Note.—S.S. Deptford, sunk off Scarborough on February 24, probably struck a mine.

SIR E. GREY'S CONFERENCE

President Wilson's proposals, at present secret, regarding the British embargo on foodstuffs for Germany were the subject yesterday evening of a discussion between the American Ambassador and Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office.

They were afterwards submitted to the Prime Minister.

A Cabinet Council has been summoned for to-day to discuss the American Note in its relation to the reprisals in course of formulation by the Government in reply to the German blockade.

New York, Feb. 25.—Writing on the subject of America's latest proposals to Great Britain and Germany, which seek to induce Germany to annul her proclamation of the new war zone and to secure the adoption by all the belligerents of a definite policy regarding shipments of foodstuffs to the civilian populations of enemy countries, the Washington correspondent of the Associated Press of America says that no replies are expected to the proposals for several days.

Such preliminary observations as American diplomats abroad have already made it clear to give some encouragement with regard to the reception of the proposals in London.

It is understood that Germany is inclined to accept the suggestions, but the next move depends upon the attitude of Great Britain.

GRAVE SITUATION.

Officials here do not deny the gravity of the whole situation and have made it clear to Great Britain and Germany in the latest communications forwarded to Mr. Page and Mr. Gerard on Sunday after a conference between President Wilson, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Lansing, Councillor of the State Department.

The Government have requested that the proposals should be considered confidential for the present, as it does not desire that the belligerents should be embarrassed in their discussion of the American proposals by public reference to the matter.

There is, however, no concealment of the feeling in high official quarters that if American lives are lost through the activities of the belligerents, the Washington Government may find itself called upon to depart from its present friendly attitude towards all the warring Powers.—Reuter.

HOW GERMANY RAN HER HEAD AGAINST A ROCK.

M. Viviani on France's Policy to Wage War Against Huns "Without Mercy."

"The Germanic torrent is checked. Germany is beaten on the field, an implacable blockade is drawing ever more tightly about her, and, despite all the precautions taken by her to conceal the truth, I can assure you that her financial and economic rout is complete."

Thus spoke M. Rene Viviani, the French Premier, to the United Press correspondent at the first interview granted by the Premier to any French or foreign correspondent.

The interview took place at the Premier's private office at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, where he works from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. M. Viviani said:—

"France and Russia adhered to all pacific attempts at the end of July, but Germany declared war."

"She had been mobilising for ten days, but how sadly she miscalculated the situation she now fully realises."

"Speaking for my own country, I can say that Germany expected blood and disunion."

"Instead, she ran her head against an immovable block, a solid mass of people without factions and without divergencies."

"Every son of France took up arms, rich and poor alike, Socialist, Conservative, Free-trader and Catholic, without distinction of creed."

200,000 DEAD ON YSER.

"To-day France's policy continues to be what in name the Government said it was on December 22—viz., to wage war without mercy."

"We are unanimously determined not to accept anything but a victorious peace, and all the Allies are united on this matter. The pact of September 4 has France's signature."

"Our armies are intact. They have checked the German torrents."

"Germany failed to gain her first objective—Paris."

"Then she tried to win Dunkirk and Calais, but merely left 200,000 corpses on the Yser without result."

even crossing that river. The same thing happened at Nancy and Verdun."

M. Viviani stated that the economic and financial situation in France is normal, in spite of the enormous expenses entailed by the war.

"We lack nothing," he added. "The Allies are going to fight the war out to the bitter end. Let there be no doubt about that."

"For the sake of our children we wish to put an end to the peril of war engendered by a military caste which in Germany has carried all classes with it."

SIXTY BOMBS THROWN IN FRENCH AIR RAID.

Enemy Battery Silenced and Column on March Smashed by Heavy Fire.

PARIS, Feb. 25.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

Near Lombaertzyde our artillery demolished a blockhouse and some of the enemy's observation posts.

In Champagne we maintained the fresh progress we made yesterday, and all the enemy's counter attacks were repulsed.

Our aviators threw sixty bombs on the enemy's stations, trains and concentrations.

It was possible to follow the results of this bombardment, which was extremely effective.

In the Argonne, at Marie Therese, the enemy attempted to make one attack, which was immediately checked.

Between the Argonne and the Meuse, at the wood of Cheppy, we made fresh progress.

Our heavy artillery destroyed some armoured shelters, and the enemy was unable to retake the trenches captured by us.

In Lorraine, near Parroy, there was an engagement between patrols, and the Germans were put to flight.—Reuter.

ENEMY BATTERY SILENCED.

PARIS, Feb. 25.—This evening's official communiqué says:—

In the region of Lombaertzyde our artillery silenced and seriously damaged an enemy battery.

In the district of Souain and Beauséjour the operations continued under conditions favourable to us.

We carried in particular a German work to the north of Mesnil, decimated and dispersed by our fire a column on the march to the south-east of Tahure, silenced the fire of an enemy battery and blew up several limbers.

In the Argonne, at the Meurissons stream near the Four-de-Paris, we destroyed a blockhouse. At Marie Therese a German attack attempted to debouch, but was promptly stopped by our fire.—Reuter.

BATTLE OF THE RIVER.

PITROGRAD, Feb. 25.—The following dispatch was received from headquarters to-night:—

In the Niemen sector, from Kovna to Olyta, our advanced guards on the left bank progressed a long distance from the river.

In the region Svientsiansk-Goja the left bank is occupied by the Germans, who succeeded in throwing across a small detachment of infantry to the right bank near Svientsiansk. A battle has begun in this district.

On the left bank of the Niemen to the north of Grodna and the Upper Bobr, in the district of Stabine, fighting continues.

Round Osowies the artillery of the fortress is successfully engaging the German batteries.

On the right bank of the Narew there have been actions along the whole front. The enemy here is concentrating his chief efforts in the directions of Novogrodsk and Prasnysz.

The Germans defended a farm near the village of Krasnoseltz with quite extraordinary tenacity, but we captured it after desperate fighting at six in the evening of the 24th.

Only 150 of the garrison of this German point d'appui survived, and they surrendered.—Reuter.

INQUIRY INTO DEAR COAL PRICES.

Government Committee to Consider Causes of Increase That Burdens the Poor.

SIR E. GREY AND RUSSIA.

There is to be a Government inquiry into the rise in coal prices with special reference to the burden cast on poor consumers.

Last night it was officially announced that the following committee had been appointed to carry out the inquiry:—

Mr. Vaughan Nash, C.B., (chairman).
Professor W. J. Ashley.
Mr. W. Crooks, M.P.
Mr. J. J. Denham.
Mr. A. W. Flux and
Mr. Stanley Machin.

Mr. H. E. Dale will act as secretary to the committee, and all communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Retail Coal Prices Committee, 6a, Dean's-yard, Westminster, S.W.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Charles Duncan asked the Prime Minister whether, seeing that the rise in the cost of food amounts to between 20 and 24 per cent, he would consider the advisability of increasing the wages of all Government workmen to the same extent, so that their real wages might have the same purchasing power as they had last July.

Mr. Asquith said he could not accept the figures given in the question. The wages of Government workmen were receiving the attention of the Government, who were taking the advice of the Arbitration Committee.

Mr. Duncan: The figures are based on the Premier's statement.

Mr. Asquith: I think not.

RUSSIA'S AMBITIONS.

Sir E. Grey, in reply to Mr. Jowett, said he had not seen nor had he been able to trace a speech by M. Sazanoff in the Duma to the effect that Russians intended permanently to occupy Constantinople.

What he had seen was that M. Sazanoff had said that the events of the Russo-Turkish frontier would bring Russia nearer to the realisation of the politico-economic problems bound up with Russian access to the sea.

With these aspirations they were in entire sympathy.

Mr. Jowett asked the Prime Minister to state if the opinion recently expressed by the First Lord of the Admiralty to a *Matin* interviewer, to the effect that should France and Russia withdraw from participation in the European war Great Britain would fight to the bitter end, was published with the authority and sanction of his Majesty's Government.

Mr. Asquith: My right hon. friend specially stated in the interview that he could not conceive such a contingency could arise. I see no reason to differ from his expression of opinion.

Mr. Tennant informed Sir William Bull that the last edition of the handbook of the German Army showed a total of 980,000 men.

CHILD LABOUR PROBLEM.

Mr. Keir Hardie, who seemed to speak with considerable difficulty after his recent illness, objected to the employment of children of school age for agricultural labour.

The education system of the country had taken fifty years of building up, he said, and the position of the child was being put back half a century.

He declared that the real cause of the shortage of farm-labour was the miserable wages paid in agricultural districts in England, and he urged that the remedy was better wages and the provision of suitable cottages.

NEXT WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Mr. Asquith announced next week's business as follows:—

Monday: Vote of Credit.

Tuesday: Second readings of the Universities Bill, Army Annual Bill and Defence of the Realm Bill.

Wednesday: Discussion on aliens and the first stage of the Vote of Credit.

Thursday: The second reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill and Committee stage of Army Annual Bill.

SHOTS IN NEST OF SUSPECTS.

CALCUTTA, Feb. 24 (delayed in transmission).—A man named Nirod Choudhury stumbled into a nest of political suspects in a house in Pathuriaghta-street, Calcutta, this morning.

He was recognised by one of them, and was promptly shot. Half a dozen youths fled from the house immediately, and are still at large. It is suggested that Haldar was a police informer, hence the outrage.—Central News.

DACIA NEARING ENGLAND.

New York, Feb. 25.—The Dacia is reported by wireless 400 miles west of Land's End.—Exchange.

(The Dacia is owned by a German-American and has a cargo of cotton consigned to a neutral port.)



In the reading-room of the club which has been opened in London by Dr. Werring for soldiers home on leave from the front.

"QUO VADIS?"—A SCENE IN A SERBIAN RETREAT.



A scene in the war in gallant little Serbia. A woman watching some retreating Serbian soldiers falling back across a bridge before the Austrian armies. Note the cattle under the bridge. They have been placed there to escape the notice of those in authority.

DRIVING A RED CROSS CAR AT THE FRONT.

P. 3533 B



Miss Gladys Nelson, daughter of Sir William and Lady Nelson, is now driving a motor-ambulance at the front. She has two brothers who are serving in the Army and four sisters who are married to Army officers.

A CLEVER RIDER.

P. 1504 7



Sergeant Milner, a motor dispatch-rider, steers his machine while standing on the saddle.

HON. EDITH WINN,

P. 1593



The only daughter of Lord and Lady St. Oswald, who is engaged to Mr. Henry Ashley, Coldstream Guards.

A FREE GIFT

IF YOU SUFFER FROM RHEUMATISM OR ANY COMPLAINT ARISING FROM URIC ACID EXCESS.

SEND FOR ONE OF THE 5,000 FREE "URILLAC" TEST SUPPLIES.

This offer is made to all sufferers from complaints due to uric acid formation.

No matter how protracted or painful your case may be, you can prove at the proprietor's expense the sterling efficacy of "Urillac," the acknowledged specific, which conquers the most obstinate and complicated cases of such complaints.

The pangs of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, gout, neuritis, neuralgia and uric acid complaints are too severe to need comment, but despite your failures to effect cure, "Urillac" will succeed, and this you can prove free of charge.

"Urillac" has nothing in common with so-called "cures." It stands alone in efficacy and possesses just those rare chemical properties which permanently dispel the uric acid from the system. Are your symptoms amongst these:—

Stiff, Painful Joints.
Aching Back.
Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands.
Dull, Gnawing Nerve Pains.
Cutting Pains in the Legs.
Throbbing Pains in the Temples.
Acute Aching Round the Eyes.
Rheumatoid Arthritis.
Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

If so, you are eligible for the free gift supply, and should write at once to address below, enclosing the necessary 2d. in stamps to cover postage. By return you will receive sufficient supply of "Urillac" to manifest that this highest standard remedy is what you need.

The offer is free from obligation. Just send a short letter of request, enclosing postage 2d., and the gift supply is sent. Address to the URILLAC CO. (Dept. M.R.), 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

URILLAC

"DISSOLVES EVERY SIGN OF URIC ACID EXCESS."

"Urillac" can be obtained of Boots', Parkers', Timothy White, and Taylor's and Chemists and Stores everywhere. Is, 1ld. and 2s. 9d., or post free from the "Urillac" Co., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

LAST DAYS of BARGAIN SALE Further Reductions!

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY OF SECURING BARGAINS THAT CAN NEVER BE REPEATED.

CASH ONLY—NO CREDIT RISKS TO PAY FOR



SOLD FUMED OAK BEDROOM SUITE, consisting of Wardrobe with Plate Glass Mirror Door, Dressing Chest, and Marble Top, Tiled Back Washstand and One Chair; a very attractive design. Complete £4 4 0

HANDSOME Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suite, comprising Wardrobe with drawer under, Dressing Chest, Washstand and Bed. £16 19 6

MASSIVE Solid, Inlaid Bevelled Plates, splendid finish and fittings, handsome carved, in Solid Walnut. £4 19 6

Complete £22 7 6

NEW YEAR SALE CATALOGUE "G" POST FREE.

61, 62, 49, 50, 51, LONDON RD., ELEPHANT THE CASH HOUSE LONDON, S.E. (Right opposite Elephant & Castle Bakerloo Station.)

PUBLIC NOTICE.

13 CWT. COAL SHORTAGE.—FIVE GUINEAS REWARD.—The Associated Coal Consumers, Ltd., of 19-23, Oxford-street, London, W., would pay the sum of five guineas to anyone who can prove delivery of coal in odd sacks from a van bearing the Association name on Tuesday, January 19th, 1915, between Marylebone Goods Yard and Abercorn-place, N.W., or within this vicinity.

MARKETING BY POST.

GAME! Game! 1! 4 Partridges 4s. 3 Hare 1s. 3d. 2 Wild Duck 4s. 6d. 1 Teal 3s. 3d. Wild Duck and 3 Partridge 5s. 4lb. Shoulder Lamb and 2 Partridges 5s. 6d. Hare and 2 White Grouse 5s. 3d. Hare and Pheasant 5s. 6d. all carriage paid. Write to: Frost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware-road, London, W.

GARDENING.

SEEDS.—Free trial packets, with bargain Lists Seed Potatoes, Root, Bulb, Plants, Fries; cash or easy terms.—A. Lighton, 57, Kilton, Boston.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1915.

THE PEOPLES' FRIENDSHIP.

A THING we always feel inclined to ask officers back on leave is: "Do our men get on well with the French?"—this friendship with France being one of the compensations for the hatred now daily accumulating in Europe.

Some people have sufficient detachment to deny the fact of this hatred, or at least repulsion. "We don't hate the Germans." Perhaps not; but the thought of their heavily war-drunken rulers plunging Europe into misery, with the approval of a fatuously docile or deliberately brutalised people, is not one with which it is very easy to make terms. We do not feel inclined to meet this sputtering-guttural figure of Heine's loathing in its unformed *über alles* mood, ever again. Its pedantic savagery has impressed the imagination of Europe in such a manner as to make it difficult to see how, in after years, we shall, on neutral ground, endure its sputterings—how here in England we shall, with equanimity, again support the war-booby *en civil*, returning to resume his business dealings with us. The best thing, as to this, is not to think of a future apparently so remote. The best thing, on all sides, is to stick to what friendships we have.

That is why we want to know how our men get on with the French.

Those of them we have talked to about the French people seem, we are glad to say, to like them very much. But there is, as we've often said, the language difficulty. The migratory German so often speaks our language!—and our failure in languages, our inability in England to realise that any language but English is of the slightest importance, makes it difficult for relations to be other than dumb between the French and ourselves. The British Tommy likes a man who understands him. A new tongue he is apt to regard as a conspiracy against him, or at best, a kind of joke. "If people mean 'coffee,' he demands, 'why can't they say 'coffee,' instead of 'café'?" And another remarked: "Why do they call the Germans Allymans?" To go back to the Deluge or the Tower of Babel for an explanation would be a waste of time. You simply have to resign yourself to the fact that in France, when they don't say Boches, they say Allymans.

This prejudice renounced—we mean, the dissatisfaction with people for not saying what they want to say in English—it is easy for our men to like those with whom daily and hourly they find themselves on common ground. It is even easy for them to like their foe, the common soldier taken prisoner perhaps, especially if, as often happens, he speaks English. If it only rested with the common people indeed to make and unmake wars! It rested, this time, with the spluttering be-starred figures in Berlin. Nobody in all our "civilisation" can suggest any conceivable means of unstarring the war-drunken splutterer and bringing the peoples into touch; and now, in Germany, if the *Vorwärts* or any other paper so much as suggests such an ultimate solution, patriotism, "the last refuge of a scoundrel," is the word used to bring him to his senses. Thus the peoples remain apart and Prince Über Alles splutters his war-commands to the cannon-fodder.

It is for the meanest of our men, then, one's and two's and three's of them, to see that none of them leaves France without leaving goodwill and friendliness amongst the French behind him; so that, in the future, no muddling diplomatist, no driveller in stars, may get his fat form between our men and the men now risking life beside them.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Whether ye be men or women, you will never do anything in the world without courage. It is the greatest quality of the mind—next to honour.—James L. Allen.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

NO FULL SKIRT!

I CANNOT understand any woman condemning the full skirt. It seems to me a blessing to be able to walk naturally again. What sights we have seen, the last two or three years, in tight skirts—women tripping along, not waiting!

As for economy—well! I ask any married man if his wife's dressmaker's or tailor's bills got any smaller as the skirts got tighter! Y. E.

CORRESPONDENCE In such widely-read papers as yours have more than once prevented the return of the crinoline.

Is it not possible to let the woman with money and leisure, and nothing to do with either, pro-

mankind—ignorance—she appears oblivious of many well-known facts; some of the noblest specimens of the human race passed through life in a state of "single blessedness"—among men, the Buddha, St. Paul, Origen; among women, Joan of Arc, Miss Nightingale, and many others.

"In Heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage." (Prince) JOSEPH CAMILLUS. Hadleigh Castle, Hadleigh, Essex.

REPLYING TO "A Free Woman's" idea of married life, I would say—Love is not foolish, sentimentality is not sickening, unless, of course, one ends up by marrying a man who turns out to be nothing

THOSE WHO THINK THEMSELVES KAISERS.



We read that a popular form of madness just now is for the patient to fancy himself the Kaiser. We know just the sort of man whom that fancy, with its accompanying arrogance, would get hold of very quickly.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

claim the fact by wearing the full skirt and frills and furbelows in the street; while we, the great majority who like to be clean, neat and trim, continue on our way rejoicing in our neat coat and skirt of scanty width?

Those of us who are not in our first youth will remember the walks made hideous by their discomfort in the past—one hand perpetually engaged in grasping superfluous yards of the material of which our skirts were made, in order to keep them out of the dust or mud as the case might be. They will also remember the "tailor-made woman" of those days, a neat, trim-clad figure. She wore a coat and skirt and held her own, in spite of being considered by some to look "rather masculine." She was universally admired by men who called her "sensible" and "well groomed."

Allington, Maidstone. DIANA LEGGE.

FOOLISH SENTIMENT?

YOUR correspondent, Mrs. Ellis Robinson, asks her opinions on "matrimony" at a considerable length, and with a confident dogmatism which is amusing.

She calmly states "man was formed mainly to continue the human race—Suffering from the greatest evil which afflicts

less than a brute. Then it must seem so. But we were not made to live out our lives alone. There is nothing more sad than a lonely woman or man, though the latter perhaps feels it less.

I know a good many marriages nowadays do not turn out happily. That is a fact to be deplored. But, still, a commercial life, though free, is not all honey, especially when one is getting on in life, and that is the usual vocation for a "free" woman, unless, of course, she happens to be "independent" in the true sense of the word.

I would remind "A Free Woman" that "higher" faculties and intelligence are needed quite as much to rear a family, and one need not lose her individuality and become a mere machine by getting married.

A SOLDIER'S SISTER.

HELP IN TROUBLE.

God wills that we have sorrows here, And we will share it; Whisper thy sorrow in my ear, That I may also bear it. If anywhere our trouble seems To find an end, 'Tis in the fairy land of dreams, Or with a friend. —TENNYSON.

"A GOOD STORY."

The Need for a New Sort of Fiction During the Great War.

"SOMETHING TO READ."

I ALSO have been very much struck of late by the manner in which a good story finds popularity at the moment. I send all the books and papers I can get together to my friends in training, and I shall certainly not fail to keep them and those who are sick supplied with *Daily Mirror* while the new serial lasts.

We must remember for one thing that many of the men are not allowed beyond the streets in which they are billeted unless they have passes. That means their spare time is rather drearily spent in hanging about and talking unless they have something to read. As a rule they want nothing too abstruse—some lively tale full of human interest. Meanwhile civilians also want distraction, goodness knows, and as the old "society" is about as dead as "society," I very much like your idea of a novel with a new flavour in it. So good luck to the new serial on Monday.

P. S. E.

Ipswich, Suffolk.

NOT ABOUT THE WAR. I HAVE just read the letter in to-day's *Daily Mirror* from one who signs as "A Reader of Your Serials." Daily we look forward eagerly to your serial to make us forget for a few minutes our anxiety for relatives and friends in Army and Navy; and if your serial were full of war the daily perusal of it would be no relaxation from the strain which many of us feel at times wellnigh unbearable.

I for one sincerely hope you will continue to let us have this page of your paper free daily from anything that will remind us of the terrible crisis through which Europe is passing. If people want stories about the war they can get plenty of heroic deeds to read about in almost any paper they purchase, or can get books from a library, and they need not grudge us our much too short bit of the serial you give to cheer us up. "Just Like Other Men" is splendid, and I hope the next serial will be as good.

AN INVALID READER. February 25. I, your correspondent, need not fear that the new serial which we begin to publish on Monday is "about the war" in any lugubrious sense. There are no bombs and no roar of cannon. The story is actual only in that it treats passion and sentiment as affected by the problems of the hour—in that sense it is a romance in khaki.—Ed. D.M.]

SURPRISING QUICKNESS. YOUR correspondent, "A Lover of Short Stories," seems to think stories can mobilise with a very surprising quickness! It is rather likely that if (as he anticipates) they go to work on his ideas, those ideas may be mainly obsolete by the time they appear in book form. Writers of the value of H. G. Wells do not turn out fiction as though by machinery. However, there may very likely be a crowd of myrmidons of the type-writing sort already typewriting hard the sort of novel your correspondent seems to want. These will no doubt be very grateful to him for his ideas. G. M. Egerton-gardens.

IN MY GARDEN.

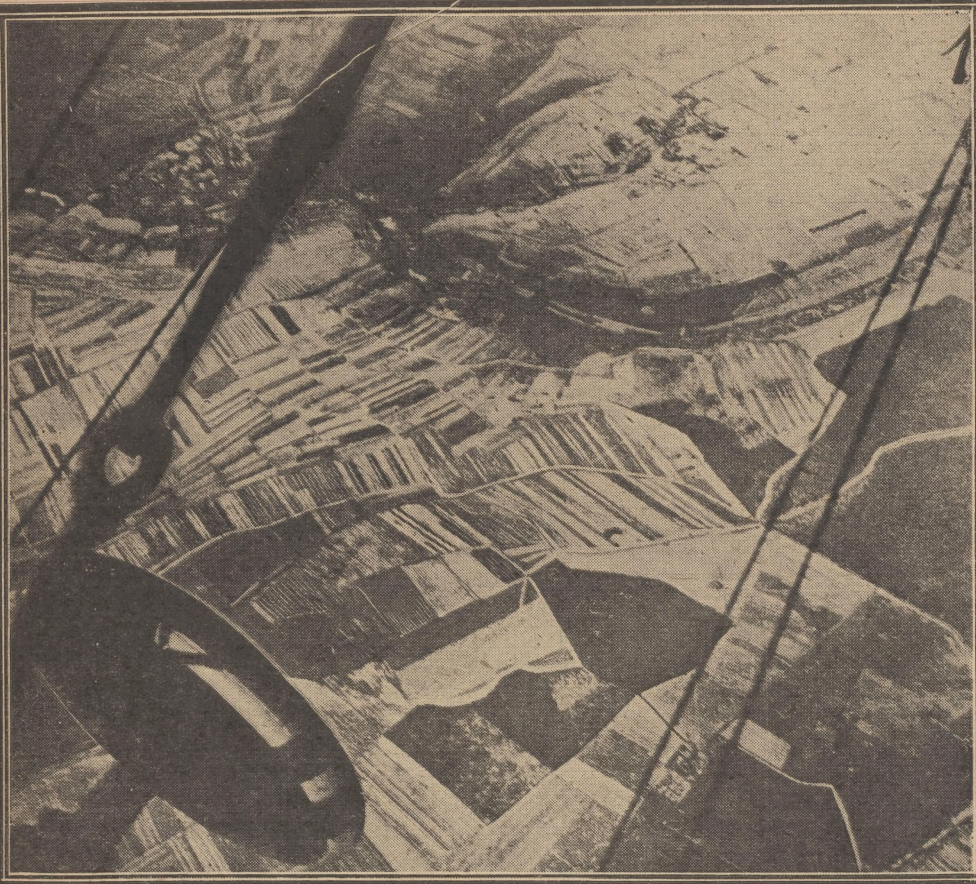
FEB. 25.—A pretty dwarf evergreen, well worth cultivating, is *Erica Carnea* (the Alpine forest heath). The flower-buds of this open during February and March.

These evergreens should be planted in masses in beds or on the rockery, or they may be grown at the margin of some bed with rhododendrons or azaleas in it. Ordinary soil will suit it very well.

The flowers of *Erica Hybrid* bloom throughout the winter, and other heathers may now be planted where there is suitable soil. E. F. T.

COULD YOU HAVE SEEN THESE BATTERIES?

P. 11909 H



This photograph was taken by a French airman who was scouting over the enemy's lines at the very moment when he discovered the location of the German batteries. To the ordinary eye, judging from this photograph, it seems an impossibility to have discovered batteries from such a height. The very fields look like postage stamps. But there can be no doubt that the French airman was successful in his observations.

JOCKEY WEDS.

P. 400 P



Mr. Fred Templeman, the well-known jockey, and Miss Beatrice Bathurst, who were married in London yesterday. The bride and bridegroom are seen leaving the church. Mr. Templeman is one of the most popular horsemen.

BELGIUM'S PROUDEST BOY

P. 11911 D



This Belgian boy refugee has been made a mascot at one of our training camps. He is proud of his uniform and has been thoroughly taught the British drill. Here he is seen being taught to present arms to his Majesty, should he ever have the honour to stand before him. His home is in Flanders.

BRAVE BOY HERO.

P. 11907 Y



Harry Winter, an errand boy just out of hospital, who saved Anne Freeman from drowning by jumping after her into the river at Mortlake. While winter performed his heroic act a man stood watching, but did not offer to help.

A BOUQUET GOWN

P. 1265 H



Gown with bouquet under crinoline.

P. 1265 H



A sort of Turkish design.

These weird and wonderful new revue modes are seen in "Venus Limited" at the Palladium. Designs by Jules Poirer, London.

TINY RIDER.

P. 5950



Maxime Farrall, aged five years, is the mascot of the 2nd Battalion of the Queen's Own Dorset Yeomanry—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

HEROIC NURSE DIES.

P. 1704 Y



Nurse Ellen Daly, of Southend, whose clothes caught fire while she was cooking food for her patients. Though badly burned she returned to her post until relieved four hours later. She then collapsed and died.

HORSE AS OBSTACLE IN RACE.

3rd 164 K



An incident at Sandown Park yesterday. Two runners are seen jumping over a fallen horse, which is lying on its jockey.

DAVID BEATTY ON DUTY

P. 1093 A



Lady Beatty, wife of Admiral Sir David Beatty, has had her beautiful yacht, Sheelah, turned into a hospital ship. Her son David is on board, and has had a sentry-box built for him and goes on duty in uniform. It will be noticed that he has H.M.S. Lion, his famous father's flagship, on his cap.

A NOVELIST WHO CAN SHOOT.

P. 10960



Miss Ruby M. Ayres, the authoress of "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," the new Daily Mirror serial, which begins next Monday, scoring a bull. She thinks everyone ought to learn shooting.

DOGS' SNOW OVERCOATS.

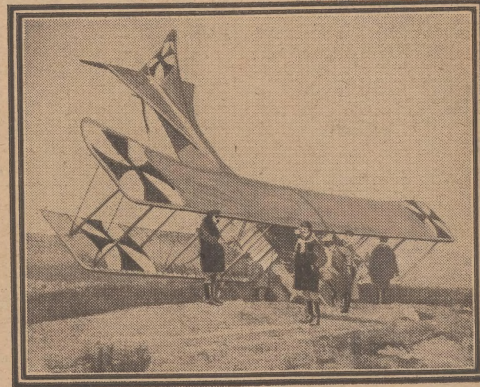
9-8153



Two greyhounds in their warm winter overcoats sheltering from a snowstorm. One looks like the wolf in Red Riding Hood's story.

BROUGHT DOWN BY RUSSIAN GUNS.

9-11908 H



Under the fire of Russian anti-aircraft guns, this German biplane finally came to earth on the brink of a stone quarry in Russian Poland. The pilot was taken prisoner.

NORTH SEA VICTORY.

HOW THE FLEET SUPPLIES BRITISH BREAKFAST, TEA AND SUPPER TABLES WITH THE CHOICEST DELICACIES.

The greatest victory in the war is the silent victory won by the Fleet.

Every morning when we sit down to breakfast, every night when we gather round the supper-table, the result of this victory is now brought home to us.

For along the trade routes of the world our tea and coffee, our cheese and sardines and other meal-time delicacies are brought to us just as they are brought in peace-time—owing to the supremacy of the British Navy.

A most striking example of our supremacy is that afforded by **Topmast Norwegian Sardines**.

Across the North Sea, in the beautiful winding Norwegian fjords, the fishing boats pursue their usual calling, and across the so-called German Ocean vessels convey to these shores from Norway that most prized of all table delicacies, **Spring's Topmast Norwegian Sardines**.

In war time one naturally expects

the teeth of German guns, torpedoes, floating mines and other perils of the deep, **Topmast Norwegian Sardines** are brought across to England to supply our breakfast, tea and supper tables with these most delicious and appetising fish. All this we owe to our Fleet and to the courage and enterprise of the old-established British firm,

ALF SPRING AND COMPANY, LTD.

Ask your grocer this morning for a tin of **Spring's Topmast Norwegian Sardines** (packed in the finest olive oil or delicious Tomato Sauce), and be sure you get **Topmast**. Try them for breakfast to-morrow morning or

for supper to-night. You will be delighted with the flavour, and so will the rest of your family. We have all, unfortunately, to be especially economical at the present time of war. Here is one of the most economical meal-time delicacies that you can possibly obtain, for it combines these three essentials:—

(1) Economy, for a single sixpence brings you on an average 20 sardines.

(2) Nourishment, for it is well known that these sardines, preserved in olive oil or packed in Tomato Sauce, are the most nourishing of foods and contain practically everything that is required for building up nerves and energies. Give them to your children. All children (as well as adults) like them, and they are good for their health.

(3) Palate-pleasing delight, for everyone likes the delicate and appetising flavour of **Topmast Norwegian Sardines**, and when once they have tried them they become one of their most favoured dishes. These Norwegian sardines are so delicious that one never gets tired of them, whether they are eaten with toast, bread and butter, in the form of a sandwich or any other way.

MONEY RETURNED.

To show how supreme is the quality of **Topmast Norwegian Sardines** the proprietors make an unprecedented offer to you to-day. If these sardines do not come up to your expectation in every possible way your money will be returned to you in full. All grocers, stores and dealers supply **Topmast Norwegian Sardines** in 6d. tins. Ask your grocer for a tin to-day. If there's any difficulty in obtaining them locally send postcard to

ALF SPRING & CO., Ltd., Hull.



The children look forward to having **Topmast Norwegian Sardines** at all times. The fine olive oil in which they are preserved is good for their health. **Topmast Norwegian Sardines** make a satisfactory meal at any hour without any preparatory trouble.

high food prices. Yet, in spite of the menace of the German Fleet, the continual supply of **Topmast Sardines** to this country is safeguarded by the British Navy.

Consequently, instead of paying high prices for Sardines, we are now able to obtain for sixpence only a tin of these delicious fish—each 6d. tin containing an average of twenty sardines, preserved in the very best Olive Oil or delicious Tomato Sauce.

Think of this. The nourishing oil is extracted from the finest olives in Spain; it is then conveyed to Norway, where fishing boats "harvest" the sardines in the Norwegian fjords.

In Norway the sardines are preserved, cleaned, packed and matured, and, finally, in

ALF SPRING'S "TOPMAST" SARDINES

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE EQUAL TO NEW.

THE REMAINING PORTION OF 230,000 of genuine high-class Second-hand Furniture, Carpets, Bedsteads, Bedding, and Entire Effects of the Hotel, removed for convenience of sale by order of the liquidators. NO REASONABLE OFFER WILL BE REFUSED.

FOR CASH ONLY. Full particulars with Photo Illustrated Catalogue, sent free on application. Goods selected at once will be stored free till required or delivered packed and forwarded to any part of the world.

THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.

CONTENTS OF 142 BEDROOMS. Solid oak bedroom suites, complete, offered at £3 7s. 6d. Solid oak bedsteads, fitted with spring mattresses, at 10s. complete. Large chests of drawers at 1s. 6d. China toilet sets, 2s. Elegant design art bedroom carpets, 10s. 6d. Upholstered lounge easy chairs, 12s. 6d. Spring seat upholstered box ottomans, 14s. 6d. Solid oak overmantels of various designs, 15s. Elegant Adams design mirrors, 8s. 6d.

The DINING ROOMS, Reception Rooms, Smoking Rooms, Drawing Rooms, etc., comprising a splendid collection of modern and antique furniture, a magnificent set of dining-room furniture in carved brown oak being offered complete for £19 10s., and another complete set in limnished oak for 10s., 3 exceptionally fine pianofortes, equal to new, from 75s.

Several hundreds of carpets, quilts as new. Quantity of dinner and tea services, electro and Sheffield plate, cutlery and hand-ovens or other items too numerous to mention in advertisement.

Send a postcard for Illustrated Catalogue, post free. THE HIGHBURY FURNISHING CO. (LTD.) SECOND-HAND DEPOSITORIES, FACT COY. LTD. PARK ST., UPPER ST., BILTON, LONDON, N. Hours, 9 till 9. Thursdays and 11 till 12. Nos. 4, 10, 30, 43, 43a, pass the door from all parts of London. Telephone 807 North

CHARITIES.

THE SALVATION ARMY'S WEEK OF SELF-DENIAL is being observed from the 27th Feb. to March 6. Many thousands of Salvationists and others are denying themselves of something to assist in raising funds for the maintenance and extension of the Army's great Missionary and Social work at Home and Abroad. Also to assist in providing a Second Unit, consisting of 6 Motor-Ambulances, for the conveyance of wounded soldiers from the battlefields to the Base Hospitals on the Continent. Gifts may be sent to GENERAL BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

ARTISTO Dainty China, 100 perfect pieces 21s., comprising dinner set for 12, tea and breakfast set for 12, hot-water jug, teapot, and a set of 3 jugs; all to match; each piece thin and beautifully finished; write for free catalogue.—Vincent Fine Art Pottery, 25, Burslem.

BABY Cares from Facory on approval, carriage paid; no shop profits; cash or cash payment; write for lovely catalogue, post free, and save money.—Goddard Carriage Co. (Dept. 35), Coventry.

CENTURY China Bargains—Household and Individual Orders at Factory Prices; separate Dinner, Tea, Toilet Services beautiful designs from 5s.; Complete Home Outfit, 21s.; 30,000 satisfied customers; Complete Illustrated Catalogue free, presents offered; write to-day.—Century Pottery, Dept. 5, Burslem.

PEACH'S CURTAINS.—Guide Book Free; Lace Curtains, Cassement Fabrics, Linens, Laces; direct from actual Makers; send now for the best Book for Curtains.—Peach and Sons, 219, The Lanes, Nottingham.

WHISTLER, Mr. J. M. Two unpublished portraits, original drawings, for Sale.—59, High Holborn, W.C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS.—Boyd Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash, or 10s. 6d. per month; carriage paid; catalogue free.—Boyd Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

YOU SAVE MONEY

by buying the

ONE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE

for Butter,

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

Popularly priced as

1/- DOUBLE WEIGHT,
6^{D.} FOR 1-LB.,
which means

ONE QUALITY ONLY:
THE VERY BEST.

Buy only MAYPOLE MARGARINE.

It's **BRITISH-MADE** from Choicest

NUTS and **MILK.**

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO. LTD.

THE LARGEST RETAILERS.

846 BRANCHES NOW OPEN.

OUR NEW SERIAL, "RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.," BEGINS ON MONDAY.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD



THE BLOW.

IF Lionel had waited only a few hours longer he might have obtained the interview he sought so impatiently, for that very afternoon—the very day on which Jean Delaval had promised to give him her answer—Ashley Creswick returned home to Kensington with Fay.

A brief telegram had been received by Parkes earlier in the day—indeed, as he remarked, Mr. Lionel must have passed the boy who brought it—instructing him to see that the chauffeur was punctually at Waterloo Station with the car. As the dusk was falling it returned, drawing up silently at the front door, spick and span with its brilliant enamel and loaded with its wealth of furs and rugs.

The footman who hurried down the steps to offer his assistance and the chauffeur who descended from his seat to open the door of the car glanced anxiously at their mistress. Mr. Creswick in telegraphing had vouchsafed no news of her son, and, like all the household, they were devoted to the boy.

At the first sight of her they breathed with relief. It was all well with Master Eric, they thought; their anxiety had been unnecessary. For Mrs. Creswick smiled at them and nodded gaily, as if they had been old friends. As a matter of fact, they had never seen such a pleasant smile on her face; she had always treated them so haughtily, and kept them at such a distance.

She was talking, too, though more to herself apparently than to them or to her husband, and they could not quite catch what she said; yet they were quite sure they had never seen her so happy.

But a single glance at Mr. Creswick made them exchange significant looks. The pallor of his face and the anguished lines on his brow shocked them profoundly. And then, being quick-witted as London servants are, they guessed the truth.

As soon as Ashley, holding Fay tightly by the arm, had turned to mount the steps, Walters, the chauffeur, tapped his forehead impressively with his finger, and the footman nodded gloomily.

Perhaps Ashley divined something of the dumb show that was going on behind his back, for he had scarcely reached the top step when he turned round angrily.

"What are you gaping there for!" he demanded irritably. "Bring those rugs up. Take the car round, Walters. What's Parkes?"

"Here, sir," said the butler, coming forward. "It's all right, I do hope, sir?"

But Ashley did not enlighten him. "What do you mean by all standing about. Like deaf mutes!" he exclaimed querulously. "Sir you selves, some of you! Is there a fire in Mrs. Creswick's room?"

"Why, yes, sir, of course."

The servant, standing in spite of their master's indignant exhortation to stir them selves, in a stupefied group, saw him pass his arm lovingly round his wife and heard him coax her, with such words as one would use to a fretful child, to ascend the stairs.

Fay was behaving very strangely. She laughed foolishly, making as if she would come down again, and when at last she succeeded in getting her to the landings they heard her sing in a shrill, high treble.

For upwards of an hour the two were shut in from the rest of the house, while the servants moved silently about, conversing in whispers. Then the bell rang, and Ashley told the scared maid who answered the summons to send Parkes to him.

"Come in, Parkes, and close the door," said Ashley gravely when the butler made his appearance. The note of querulous irritation had left his voice, and he spoke gently, almost wearily.

The old fellow obeyed wonderingly, with one anxious eye on the woman who sat, softly crooning to herself, in a chair over the fire. "Yes, sir?" he began, in a muffled whisper.

"You can speak up," Ashley said. "She won't understand you."

"Nothing wrong, I hope, sir?"

"Everything's wrong," replied his master. "The boy is dead, and it has affected her reason."

And, as he spoke, a great sob came from the depths of his soul.

Parkes was a man with a very soft heart, and the look of profound commiseration which shaded his ruddy features was not assumed. There was something so utterly incongruous between the settled despair on his master's face and the careless lilt of the strange little song which passed unceasingly from Mrs. Creswick's lips that, to use his own expression, it made his flesh creep.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

"You mustn't give way, sir," he said, at last. "It's just the awful shock. She'll get over it, sir; never fear. P'raps even it's a blessing in disguise."

But Ashley made no response to the well-meant sympathy. Remember, he said, almost fiercely, "the other servants must not know of this."

"Certainly, sir," said Parkes. In spite of a kind of forced cheerfulness, he spoke dubiously. He was only too well aware that the other servants already knew it.

"And telephone to Dr. Craig to come at once," his master went on.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR VISITOR.

WHATEVER comfort Parkes might have felt it in his warm heart to give—and it was limited only by the boundaries of his deference as a servant—was not shared or imitated by the doctor when he came. "It would be wrong of me to raise false hopes," he said. "Of course, there may be a chance of recovery—I would prefer another opinion. We will do all we can."

Ashley could only murmur something about sparing no expense. To those who knew him only in a business capacity such an exhortation might have sounded grimly humorous, but he meant it. Avaricious though he was, all his life and all his happiness were bound up in the little unworthy woman who sat there with her vacant looks and laughter. He meant it literally when he said "Spare no expense"; it was no empty phrase; for what is a man profited if he gain the whole world?

In the days of darkness that followed Parkes, the butler, took a great deal of trouble off the shoulders of his master, intercepting callers and anticipating the broken-down man's smallest needs.

It was well for Ashley Creswick that it was in his power to command such devotion, for but for the butler's tact and discretion he would have been confronted with a discovery which would have made shipwreck of him entirely. Paul Schroder called at the house.

It was about noon of the very next day after their tragic return from Westover. Mr. Creswick so far had not appeared downstairs.



This is Sonia Markham, the heroine of "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," a great new serial by Miss Ruby M. Ayres, which begins on Monday next.

Neglecting food, sleep and business, he hovered restlessly about in Fay's darkened room, waiting on her, coaxing her and soothing her.

The butler hurried down when he heard the bell and precipitately dismissed the subordinate who had already begun to question the unknown visitor. The caller was rough and insistent and stepped inside.

"Mrs. Creswick can't see you," he said when the man had stated his wishes. "She's had a great trouble."

"That won't do for me," replied Schroder, sulkily. "I've been put off often enough, and I'm going to see her now."

"Indeed you're not," retorted Parkes. He spoke with some asperity, liking neither the man's appearance nor his manner. "Any business you have with her I can see to."

"Oh, indeed! Well, if you think I'm going to be told what to do by funkys, you're mighty mistaken."

"What's your name?" A purple flush came over the butler's face, but he kept his temper.

"That's neither here nor there. Am I going to see her or am I not?"

"You are not."

Schroder rose to go, walking angrily towards the door, but Parkes intercepted him resolutely.

"You can't make a disturbance here," he said, firmly. "I tell you Mrs. Creswick's had a great trouble. She's lost her son."

If he had struck the man a blow in the face he could not have stopped him more suddenly. Schroder stood still for a ghastly moment; his jaw dropped, the colour all left his face and he swayed on his feet as if he would fall. He was trembling violently.

"Not Eric!" he cried huskily. "Not little Eric! Don't tell me Eric is dead?"

"Yes—dead," said Parkes gravely. "Why, what's the matter with you? What was the lad to you?"

Schroder sank helplessly into the nearest chair and covered his face with his hands. "Everything," he said. "He was my child."

"Your child! What do you mean? How can he be your child?"

The other made no reply, but rocked himself to and fro. Parkes stared at him in silence for a moment, the bewilderment on his face gave place to a ghastly horror. "What's your name, then?" he asked.

"Schroder," he asked.

"Schroder! Impossible. You can't mean you're Mrs. Creswick's first husband!"

"Then pull yourself together, Mr. Schroder," continued the butler, "and listen to me. Keep it to yourself."

The man looked up with hopeless misery in his eyes.

"Keep it to yourself," repeated Parkes sternly. "The boy is dead and Mrs. Creswick is a hopeless lunatic. There's no good to be got by breaking master down any further. He worships the ground she walks on and he nurses her like any woman. You hear what I say, Mr. Schroder. Keep it to yourself."

And Parkes, too, kept it to himself.

Totally unconscious of the blow of fate which had fallen on the house at Kensington, Lionel Craven hurried down to Folkestone to get the answer Jean had promised him.

He was more excited at the prospect of seeing the girl who so obsessed all his thoughts than anxious about the decision she was to give him. He had made no attempt to prove to the correctness of the startling information he had learned from the lips of old Robert Delaval. It fitted in so accurately to the gaps in the puzzle of his brother's scheming that he knew intuitively it was correct.

He came to the door quietly and unadvisedly. "I was expecting you," he said simply. "Will you come in?"

Lionel watched her face keenly as he laid his hat and gloves on a chair. There was a look of acute suffering on her face which, while it made him long to take her in his arms and comfort her, prevented him from doing so.

"No more bad news, I hope?" he said gravely.

She shook her head and gulped down a reply which seemed to choke her.

"No," she said brokenly.

"Then, what is it, little girl?" he asked, tenderly. "Surely we have no secrets now; you can tell me everything. I've come for the answer you promised me."

The girl struggled unavailingly with her emotion. "You have come too soon," she said, pitiously. "I can't give it to you yet, dear. Someone was to have called yesterday, but he has not."

"The man you have asked for the money?"

Jean assented with a weary gesture. Lionel thought deeply for a moment. "I don't know who the man is," he said at last, "or what answer he expects you to give him, but I do know this, Jean—that, whoever it is, I'm not going to let you go. You must give me your promise now and say what you like to him afterwards."

"Please!" she entreated.

"Sit down," he said, quietly, "and listen to what I have to say. When you have heard everything you will see why I will take no denial. In the first place, who is the man?"

The answer came with dramatic suddenness. The question had scarcely left his lips when there was a knock on the door, and in response to the "Come in," Mrs. Matthews entered the room.

"There's a gentleman outside wants to speak to you, Miss Delaval," she said.

"A gentleman?" asked Jean, breathlessly. "Did he give his name?"

"Yes, miss. He said he was Mr. Hepstein, from South Africa."

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

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just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, for ever stopping itching and falling hair; but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair, growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a 1s. 1d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist and just try it.



THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

A Luncheon Party.

At the luncheon-party given by an anonymous donor at the offices of the Queen Alexandra Field Force Fund, Hill-street, Knightsbridge, I had the privilege of meeting some of the most charming and beautiful women of the social world who are now devoting almost all their time to the care and comfort of our soldiers at the front. Prominent among these was Lady French, wife of Field-Marshal Sir John French, who was dressed in black with a pretty dark red toque. She chatted with me for some time about the soldiers and the best means of keeping them happy.

Lady French's Message.

Lady French is the kind of quiet, friendly, sympathetic woman who should make an instant appeal to Tommy Atkins. She has a most beautiful smile, and is brimming over with hope and confidence. "My husband tells me that the men at the front are all in the best of spirits," she told me. I asked her what she thought was the favourite comfort of our soldiers in the trenches. "I think they like a pipe better than anything else," she said, with a smile. "We can never have too many pipes to send out to them."

The Countess as Chairman.

The Countess of Bective presided over the luncheon-party, with Lord Islington and the Earl of Howe on either side of her. Dressed in black, with her silvery hair peeping out in rich clusters from her bonnet, she made a stately, sweet-looking picture when she rose to propose the toast of "The King." Later, when she gave permission to smoke, I noticed that several of the women present, including Lady Horner, lit up dainty cigarettes.

Packing Parcels.

After luncheon the company adjourned to the packing-rooms, where, since November last, large numbers of ladies have worked from five to six hours a day packing up parcels for our soldiers at the front. Among the fashionable packers, for instance, who for weeks past have devoted most part of the day to this arduous, monotonous task, are the Dowager Countess of Ellesmere (who has specialised in packing up tooth-brushes), Lady Ethel Baird, Lady Adelaide T aylor, the Hon. Alice Douglas-Pennant, Lady Cicely E. Hardy and the Hon. Eleanor Money Courts.

The Patent Lighter.

There was a pretty incident at this time, when the packing-rooms were thronged with visitors and workers. The Duchess of Portland, who was wearing a large white hat trimmed with big white feathers, noticed some of the packers trying to ignite one of the new patent cigarette "lighters." "Let me show you how to do it," she said. The Duchess then took the "lighter" and, with deft fingers, soon had the tinder burning and glowing.

One of the Guides.

One of the guides who escorted me round the rooms was Lady Henry Bentinck, the daughter of the Countess of Bective. She explained to me how hard everybody was working and the great care and attention everybody showed in packing the parcels securely for their journey to France. Lady Henry Bentinck, who is one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the richest, women in society, has a style of dressing all her own.

Magic Glasses.

All our khaki men are buying binoculars, so here is the latest binocular story. Brigadier-General to shopman: "I want to get the most powerful pair of binoculars you have." Optician: "Here you are, sir. Made in Germany. With these glasses you can even see all the German victories reported from Berlin."

Conscience.

What with subterranean fighting and submarine fighting, it would really seem that war is hitting its head. Perhaps it's ashamed of itself.

Empire Favourites.

Next week we shall see the return to the Empire of two favourites long popular in ballet and revue. I mean Fred Farren and Miss Ida Crisp. They will present a burlesque entitled "Stage Struck." Miss Crisp plays the part of Daffodil. Blinks, an aspirant for stage honours. There is, I am told, plenty of humour and, of course, some wonderful dancing.



Miss Ida Crisp.

No Change Yet.

There is to be no second edition of "Business As Usual" this month at the London Hippodrome. Business is so unusual just now, in the best sense of the term, that such a proceeding would be ridiculous. But all the novelties Mr. De Courville brought back with him from America will be seen in due course.

The Musketeers.

In these days, when there are men like Sergeant Michael O'Leary doing great and daring deeds of heroism in a sort of slap-dash-bless-your-heart-it's-nothing-to-speak-about sort of spirit, a play like "The Three Musketeers" is just in the spirit of the times. It's full of fun and careless heroism.

Much Cheering.

I enjoyed the revival at the Lyceum on Wednesday night immensely, and so did the audience, to judge from the way they cheered the romantic D'Artagnan of Mr. Harcourt Williams and the wickedly beautiful Miladi of Miss Ethel Warwick. The whole highly-coloured, merry and exciting affair is going to be another Melville success.

A Change of Atmosphere.

After a spell of romantic roistering at the Lyceum I changed the atmosphere by transplanting myself to the 150th performance of the Anglo-French revue, "Odds and Ends," at the little Ambassador. I have never seen such a big audience in this little theatre before, and it was representative of all that is left to London of "rank and fashion."

Some Laughter.

Between the audiences at the Ambassadors and the Lyceum there is much of the difference that exists between the populations of Mayfair and the suburbs, but they have one thing in common. They laugh with a perfectly delightful lack of restraint. It is long since I have heard such laughter as greets the Special Constable scene at the Ambassadors. It is a tonic in itself.

Playfair Crosses the Road.

Between the scenes of "Odds and Ends" I had a little chat with Arthur Playfair—whose part, when he goes over again to the Palace, will be taken up by its originator, Mr. J. M. Campbell. Playfair tells me that a lot of old friends will reappear in "The Passing Show of 1915," including Guilbert the Filbert.

New Tunes and Dresses.

Of course, the mounting and dresses of "The Passing Show of 1915" will be all new, and very gorgeous. Also Herman Finck has, according to Playfair, composed some exceptionally delightful music. As for Elsie Jams, she will start just where she left off, right on the affections of the public.

Mr. Wells and the "Topper."

I see that extraordinary writer, Mr. H. G. Wells, has been prophesying that one result of the war will be the extinction of the silk hat. I don't believe him. Mr. Wells himself is just the sort of man whom a silk hat does not suit, but there are plenty of men who look better in the "topper" than in any other form of headgear.

Stylists Without Style.

Novelists, of course, as a rule, dress in execrable taste. Men with a polished style in prose are often utter slovens in their dress. Mr. Wells looks best in country tweeds and soft hats, and so do Mr. George Moore and Mr. Arnold Bennett. One of the few well-dressed authors is Mr. A. E. W. Mason. Now, he does look well in a silk hat.

Notes on Oysters.

I have not the slightest doubt that the Frenchwoman who loves England best is Mme. Rejane, who, I see, is playing in London next week. I know Mme. Rejane well, and to hear her talk about England and English is enough to make one blush with pride. Of course, she has been a regular visitor to this country for more than thirty years, and was telling me some time back how she could remember London as quite a dowdy and comparatively backward city. But there is one thing she has always loved in London, and that is the oyster one can buy here, and on oysters she simply dotes.

A Snub for the Shirker.

Yesterday I received an invitation to a fancy dress dance, and printed on the card in large letters was: "His Majesty's uniform only for Men."

A Patriot.

I suppose we are all doing something for the war sufferers. I know one young woman who thinks she is a great patriot because she sits up all night playing charity bridge.

Telegraphists.

The German physicians say that what the ailing General von Moltke wants is a period of complete mental rest. I always thought that the Kaiser's telegrams were doing terrible execution in the ranks of the enemy.

Dress Revivals.

The year 1915, so far as the fashions of women are concerned, is going to be a year of revivals. The beautiful full skirt, and even the pretty flounces that grandmama used to wear when she was young have come back again to charm us, as you will see when you open *The Daily Mirror* Dress Number next Monday. I advise you to put in your order for the paper now, as the demand looks like exceeding the supply.



Toilet Marvels.

At a dinner-party the other evening a friend, looking at the women present, whispered to me: "Why is it women need so many more clothes than men, when they wear so much less?" That was a joke, but it is certain that the quality and variety of women's dress have never been more beautiful than to-day. *The Daily Mirror* on Monday reveals all the latest marvels and mysteries of women's toilet.

Waiting on the Tape.

There was great excitement at the London sporting clubs on Wednesday night to hear the result of the Bombardier Wells and Bandman Rice boxing match at Belfast. Had Rice won, the match between Wells and Frank Moran at the London Opera House on March 29 would have fallen through.

Wells's Victory.

When the news of Wells's victory came through cheers were raised and the American contingent began at once to offer big money for Moran, the Pittsburgh dentist. It's going to be a thrilling affair and the contest of his life for Wells.

"Richard Chatterton, V.C."

I have received numerous letters from correspondents saying how glad they are that Miss Ruby M. Ayres is writing the new serial for us. As I have said, it is a new type of story for wartime. Some readers seem to think that this means the usual war story. It most assuredly does not. I pledge my word that there is no mention of a beautiful female spy, with the lure of a siren, in it.

A Human Story.

It is just a very human story, and the hero, Richard Chatterton, V.C., is a very ordinary human being. His foibles are the foibles which many of us share—though we do not always realise it. This was his trouble. But when he was made to see himself more clearly, he was not found lacking. Personally, I think Miss Ayres's story will make a very wide appeal—a more human and far-reaching appeal than any serial has had for many years.

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Bedfordshire.	K.O.R. Lancs.	R.F.A.
Civil Service.	K.O. Scottish B.	R.G.A.
Canada.	L.R.B.	R.M.L.I.
Canterburians.	Lincoln.	R. Scots.
Coldstream.	Leicester.	R.W. Kent.
Cheshire.	London Irish.	Suffolk.
Durham L.I.	Machine Gun.	Scots Guards.
Devonshire.	Middlesex.	South Staffs.
8th Dragoons.	Manchester.	Sharpshooters.
E. Surrey.	Naval Brigade.	Seaforths.
Essex.	Newfoundland.	S. Lancaster.
E. Lancasters.	Norhamptons.	Shropshire L.I.
Gloucesters.	Norfolk.	Somerset L.I.
Gordons.	N. Staffs.	Welsh.
Herts L.Y.	Public Schools.	Worcestershire.
Herts Regiment	R. Engineers.	Wiltshire.
R. Berks.	W. Yorkshire.	
Australian Com'w'th.	Loyal N. Lancaster.	
Army Pay Corps.	Northumberland Fus.	
Argyll and Sutherland.	Oxford and Bucks L.I.	
British Columbia.	Princess of Wales Yeo.	
Border Regiment.	Post Office Rifles.	
48th Canadn. High'lr.	Queen's O.R.W. Kent.	
25th City of London.	Qn. Victoria's Rifles.	
12th City of London.	Queen's Westminster.	
20th County of London.	R. Warwickshire.	
21st County of London.	R. Dublin Fusiliers.	
Connaught Rangers.	R. Bucks Hussars.	
Cameron Highlanders.	R. Plymouth Corps.	
Duke of Lancaster.	Shrewsbury Foresters.	
Duke of Cornwall's L.I.	S.W. Borderers.	
3rd, 7th, 10th, 15th L.I.	S. Notls Hussars.	
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Imperial Service.	Westminster Dragoons.	
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London Scottish.	York and Lancaster.	



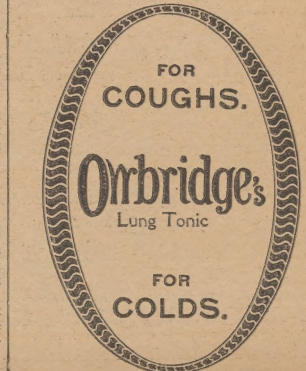
The Queen's.



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MISSING AIRMEN.

P. 14048

A HOSPITAL SHIP TO THE AID OF A GALLANT ARMY.

9509



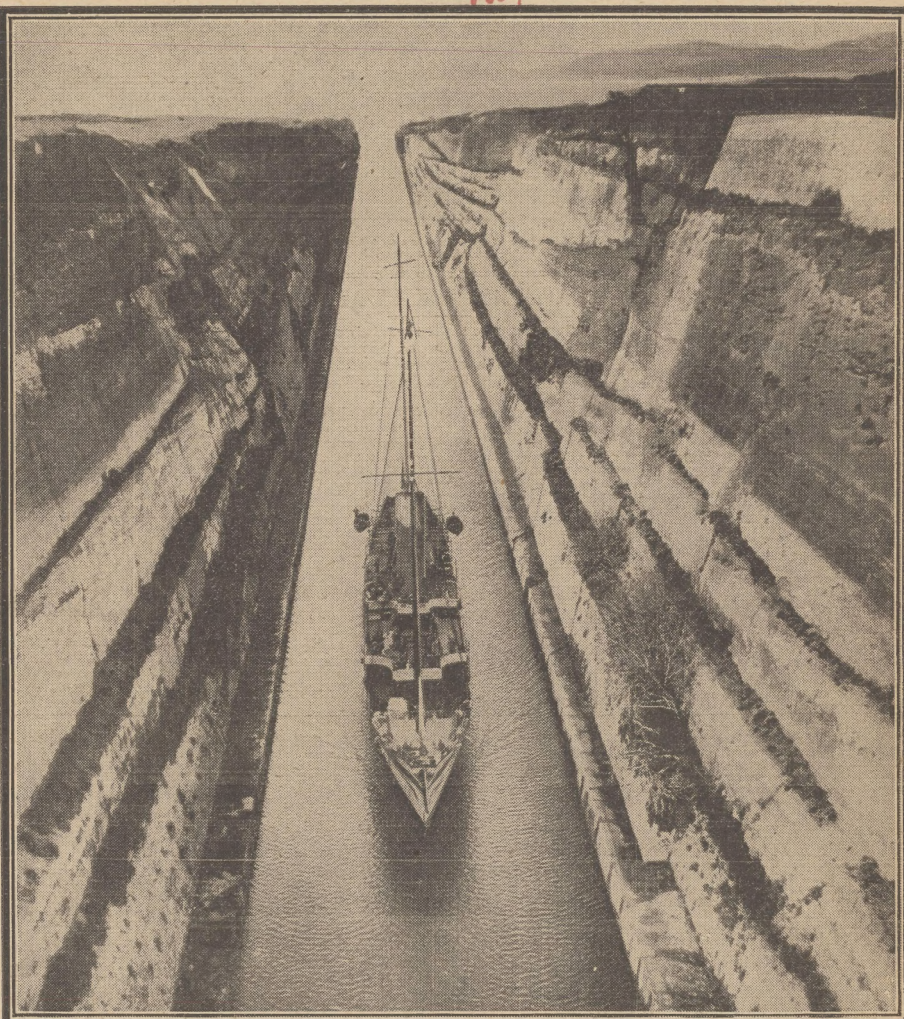
Flight-Lieutenant E. Rigall.

P. 14049



The three British airmen missing since Zeebrugge raid. Flight-Lieutenant Hon. D. O'Brien is in larger picture, and Flight-Sub-Lieutenant T. Spencer in circle.

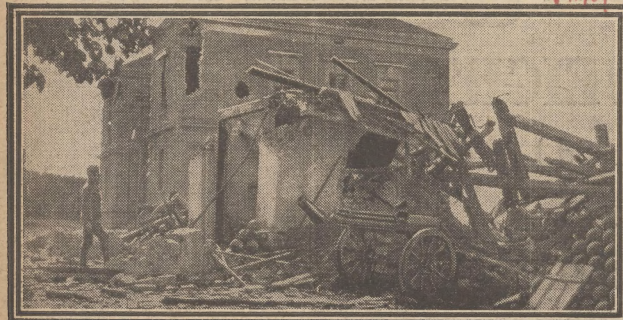
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A striking photograph of the Erin, Sir Thomas Lipton's Red Cross yacht, passing through the Corinth Canal on its way to mitigate the sufferings of the brave and gallant Serbian Army. The yacht has been splendidly fitted out as a first-class hospital ship, and carries on board a full medical and nursing staff.

AUSTRIAN BOMBARDMENT OF BELGRADE.

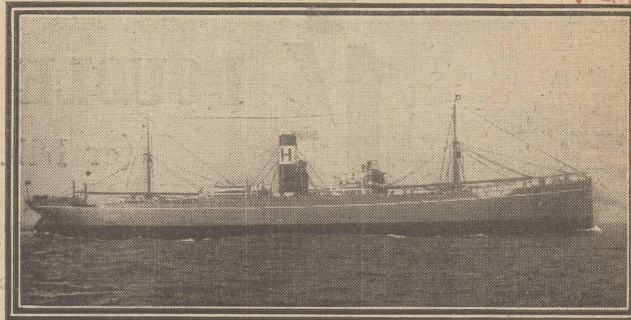
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A view of the Army Museum at Belgrade, which has been destroyed by the Austrian bombardment. Note the broken gun and the stacks of old-fashioned cannon balls. The fight for Belgrade has been one of the fiercest in the world war.

ANOTHER BRITISH SHIP TORPEDOED.

92103



The British steamer Harpalion, owned by Messrs. J. Harrison, Ltd., of London, which has been torpedoed by a German submarine off Beachy Head. The London steamer Deptford was sunk by a mine or torpedo yesterday off Scarborough.